

THE RURAL MAGAZINE.



AND JOIN BOTH PROFIT AND DELIGHT IN ONE.

VOLUME I.

NEWARK, SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1798.

NUMBER II.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE WHOLESAFENESS OF POTATOES.

[From a Translation of Mr. Parmentier's Observations on such nutritive Vegetables as may be substituted in the place of ordinary Food, in times of scarcity.]

AMONG Potatoes, there are infinite varieties of colours, bulk, shape, consistence, and taste; but these varieties are not always, as has been presented, the effect of soil, season, and care, bestowed in cultivation. They arise from real differences in the parts of fructification; the flowers being sometimes of a cineritious grey and dirty white, and sometimes of a pale red or fine blue; the verdure of the leaves, the stalk and fruit, are also subject to varieties; there are both early and late Potatoes. It nevertheless appears, that the constituent parts of the roots are always of the same nature, differing only in proportion.

Although the good effects of Potatoes in substance are fully proved by the daily use which whole nations make of them, yet they have not escaped the shafts of calumny. How many imaginary evils have been imputed to them! How many forged tales would have been circulated against them, if a multitude of writers, well qualified to decide concerning the effects produced by food in the animal economy had not defended and justified the use afforded by these roots! It is well known, indeed, that the faculty of medicine at Paris being consulted by the comptroller general on the wholesomeness of Potatoes, charged with causing diseases in some of our provinces, made a report highly favourable to them, and well calculated to dissipate all apprehensions.

But as it would be insufficient to remind prejudiced persons, that in the most populous provinces of Germany, many millions of men subsist almost entirely on this food; or to quote the remark of an excellent observer concerning the Irish, whose chief nourishment consists of Potatoes:—(The Irish, says he, are robust; they are strangers to many diseases by which other nations are afflicted; nothing is more common than to meet with persons advanced in years, and to see twins playing about the but of the peasant.) I conceived that in order to quiet all alarms, and to remove every subterfuge of prejudice, it would be necessary to enter upon some chemical discussion and enquiry.

I therefore proved by a long train of experiments, that Potatoes in their natural state contained three distinct and essential principles, when each was examined by itself—viz. 1. A dry powder, resembling the starch contained in grain—2. A light fibrous matter, of a grey colour, and of the same nature as that contained

in the roots of pot herbs—3. Lastly, a mucilaginous juice, which has no peculiar properties, but may be compared to the juices of seculent plants such as borage and bugloss.

I next distilled potatoes in a retort: they gave out an immense quantity of water, which towards the end of the operation became more and more acid; next there passed a light and heavy oil, resembling that generally obtained from the parts of plants containing flour. A pound of these roots, leaves scarce 36 grains of earthy residuum, which has all the character of vegetable earth.

What effects then are produced by the boiling which these roots are made to undergo before they are eaten! It tends to combine these different principles more intimately, and to form a whole more soluble and easier of digestion.—To divide the potatoes afterwards by means of a greater, and to set them under the press, would be to little purpose; it would be impossible to express a single drop of water, or to precipitate a particle of starch.

It is well known that the vessel in which potatoes have been boiled, is by that operation coloured green, and they sometimes leave behind them a slight acrimony sufficiently sensible to the throat; now these circumstances afforded sufficient scope to the vilifiers of this valuable plant, to impute several diseases to it; but I further proved that these two properties do not belong to the whole of the root, but only to the red skin by which it is covered externally, and that several other roots present the same phenomena, such as radishes, which lose their colour as fast as they come into contact with boiling water, tinging it with a green hue, and at the same time parting with their well known pungency, and lastly, that this colouring matter with which the skin of the potatoe furnishes water, is simply extractive, and contains nothing virulent or saline.

Besides, how can this green colour be noxious, when roasted potatoes, which retain it, are as wholesome as boiled! Nay they are more savoury and delicate; an advantage arising from the dissipation of the aqueous fluid, and perhaps from the same extractive matter which communicates the green colour to water.

Some of the advocates for potatoes, alarmed by this general colour, and persuaded that it exists in their juice, have proposed to extract it, and substitute water in its stead; but there cannot perhaps be a more absurd proposal. In our islands the juice of the mango is separated because it is really poisonous. I have also imitated the process of the Americans in several indigenous, farinaceous roots, which without this previous extraction, would be very dangerous; but the juice of the potatoe is far from containing any thing similar. Like all the other principles, it is essential to it when we

would eat it in substance. In order to separate it, the aggregation must be broken, the fibrous nets must be torn in pieces, and the expressed residuum be employed only in the form of pulp;—which instead of adding to the wholesomeness of Potatoes, would make an insipid, heavy, and indigestible food.

The vegetable kingdom affords no food more wholesome, more easily procured, or less expensive than the Potatoe. It is well known with what resource it furnished the Irish in 1740.—Many families would have been swept away without this supply. The eagerness with which children devour it, the preference which they give it to the chestnut, will seem to shew that it is well adapted to the constitution of man.—Persons of all ages and temperaments feed upon it without experiencing the slightest inconvenience. In the last German war these roots were the resource of many soldiers, who happening to be separated from the main body of the army, would have fallen sacrifices to fatigue and hunger, if they had not met with Potatoes, which they eat in vast quantities after simple boiling, and with no other seasoning than a good appetite. Gratitude induced several of them to import the plant into their own country, where it was unknown. They cultivated it with skill, and set an example which was soon imitated. At present there is scarce an elegant repast where Potatoes are not introduced with emulation in various disguises; and the great consumption in the capital, proves that they are no longer despised there,

The excessive price to which grain has been advanced of late years, forms a remarkable era at which the beneficial qualities of potatoes have been begun to be tried in many places.—An officer of distinction, while he was improving one of his estates, grew a great quantity of potatoes, but being well acquainted with the stubbornness of prejudices, he was aware that the eloquence of example would be infinitely more persuasive than whatever he could say.—He had five dogs, a yard well stocked with poultry of every sort, twenty cows, and three pigs to feed daily: he explained to his servants his intention of nourishing all the animals with potatoes alone; by which means the grain which they would have consumed might be employed for the service of men. His orders were punctually obeyed, because the punishment of disobedience was the dismissal of the first who was guilty of it. Pretending afterwards that the Potatoes were difficult of digestion, he forbade his servants to eat them. These contrivances produced the expected effect, and thus he made this plant an object of attention in his neighbourhood.

(To be continued.)

ON KNOWLEDGE.

NOTHING, in my opinion, adds so much to the dignity of man, as *knowledge*; and no object is so deserving of his unremitting attention.—Besides the respect which *knowledge* ever attaches to itself, the numberless advantages it affords in worldly pursuits, it opens a source of the most permanent and rational pleasure which man is capable of enjoying. Possessed of the *key of knowledge*, an access is procured to the grand repository of the literary world—to the different apartments of science—and, the sublime recesses of philosophy: Thus entered, you may review the works of ages—you may contemplate nature in all her works, and store the mind with an inexhaustable fund of pleasure and amusement. *Knowledge*, once acquired, is permanent: it is not like most of the acquirements of man, fleeting and transitory; which to day he may enjoy, but, which to-morrow are no more; it is not like *favor*, which is dependent upon the whim and caprice of your patron; it is not like *riches*, which by slow degrees may waste, or by a torrent of misfortunes be swept away at once; it is not like *power*, which may easily be lost or recoil upon the head of its arbitrary possessor; it is not like *faire*, which like some fine opening flower, lifting its head above the more humble ones of the field, is more obnoxious to every assault and liable to be withered by an untimely blast; nor is it like *friendship*, Heaven's next best gift, which insincerity may canker, or infidelity betray:—but it is like an immovable rock, on which we may securely build our happiness, and the floods of adversity, nor the rude blasts of enmity's fierce storm, can never shake it.

In retirement, knowledge is company—in society, it enlivens all its enjoyments. A mind well stored has ample field for contemplation: there you may turn your thoughts, and with the mind's eye, behold man from his creation to the present moment—you can review all the scenes in which he has been engaged—you may behold him rising from a state of barbarism to civilization and refinement, and then again degenerating to his pristine state of savagery, and thus like the sun exhibiting his rising meridian and setting splendor, but like him in different periods of time, performing the same revolutions—there you may remark his disposition in all ages of the world and the most prominent features in his appearance and the reigning characteristics of his nature: thus may you learn what is man and obtain a true knowledge of yourself which to know rightly is a great attainment. By contemplation in the possession of knowledge, you may observe the rise and fall of empires, and the common causes of good and evil to every nation. From hence you may learn those lessons which may be serviceable to your country and instrumental in the happiness of your fellow citizens—there you may contemplate nature and explore her great arcana—to you her mysteries will in a measure be unfolded, and those things which to the ignorant appear as prodigies and fill them with astonishment, will seem but the consequent effects of visible causes; and from this contemplation of the natural, which must remind you of the first *Great Cause*, you will insensibly be led to meditate upon the moral world—and here the mind receives food congenial to its own nature—it is from the enlargement of our faculties which is

effected by practical and contemplative exertions that we are capable of enlivening the immortal spark, which burns though imperceptibly, within us—that we are brought to the enjoyment of our immortal principle, to feel its effects and to be assimilated to the head of all knowledge. As the enlargement of our faculties capacitates us to view the perfections of God in all his works, to discover his divine nature and attributes, so far does it enable us to enjoy them, and as far as this enlargement increases, so far are our natures perfecting and becoming allied to the author of perfection. In fine, knowledge is the nutriment of the soul, and as the latter is the distinguishing characteristic of man from the brute in nature, so is the former that which distinguishes him in conduct—for how little superior is an ignorant barbarous man to the most savage Lion of the forest. Alas! how great a curse is ignorance to the world. It is this which is the source of almost all our sorrows. In a political point of view, it is the cause of the most horrid wars, slavery and death—in a religious, of bigotry, superstition and persecution—and, in an individual, of poverty and contempt.

JUVENUS.

Newark, April 23.

THEATRICAL ANECDOTE.

THEOPHILUS CIBBER, in company with three other *bon vivants*, made an excursion to France. One had a false set of teeth; a second a glass eye; a third, a cork leg; but the fourth had nothing particular, except a remarkable way of shaking his head. They travelled in a post-coach; and, while they were going the first stage, after each had made merry with his neighbour's infirmity, they agreed, that at every bathing place they would all affect the same singularity. When they came to breakfast, they were all to squint; and, as the countrymen stood gaping round, when the first allighted, "Ad rot it," cried one, "how that man squints."—"Why," says a second, "here is another squinting fellow." The third was thought a greater squinter than the other two; and the fourth greater than all the rest. In short, language cannot express how admirably they squinted; for they went to a degree beyond the superlative. At dinner they all appeared to have cork legs; and their stumping about made more diversion than they had at breakfast. At tea they were all deaf: But at supper, which was at the sign of the ship, at Dover each man resumed his character, the better to play his part in a farce they had concerted among them. When they were ready to go to bed, Cibber called out to the waiter—"Here, you fellow, take out my teeth." "Teeth, sir!" "Ay, teeth, sir; unscrew that wire, and you'll find they all come out together." After some hesitation, the man did as he was ordered. This was no sooner performed than a second cried out, "Here, you, take out my eye." "How, sir," said the waiter "your eye!" "Yes my eye: come here, you stupid dog; pull up that eye-lid, and it will come out immediately." This done, a third cried out, "Here, you scoundrel, take off my leg." This he did with less reluctance, being before apprised that it was cork; and also imagined that it would be his last job. He was, however, mistaken. The fourth watched his opportunity, and, while the poor affrighted waiter was surveying, with a rueful countenance, the

eye, teeth and leg, lying upon the table, cried out, in a frightful, hollow voice, "Come here, sir, take off my head!" Turning round, and seeing the man's head shaking like a mandarin upon a chimney-piece, he darted out of the room; and, after tumbling headlong down stairs, he ran about the house, swearing that the gentlemen up stairs were certainly all Devils.

FROM THE INQUISITOR, &c.

THE HAPPY PAIR.

IT was a neat little house, by the side of the fields—a pretty looking woman, dressed by simplicity, Nature's handmaid, was laying the table cloth, and trimming up her little parlour; her looks were cheerful and serene, and with a voice pleasing, though wild and untutored, she sung the following little stanzas :

Here beneath my humble cot
Tranquil peace and pleasure dwell:
If contented with our lot,
Smiling joy can grace a cell.

Nature's wants are all supplied;
Food and raiment, house and fire:
Let others swell their courts of pride,
This is all that I require.

Just as she had finished, a genteel young man entered the gate; she ran eagerly to meet him.—

Mr. dear Charles, she cried, you are late to night.

I am weary, Anna, said he, leaning his head upon her shoulder.

—I am sorry for it, my love; but come, eat your supper, and you shall then repose on my bosom, and hush all my cares to rest.

If to be content is to be happy, my dear, said she, how superlatively happy am I—I have no wish beyond what our little income will afford me; my home is to me a palace, thy love my estate. I envy not the rich dames who shine in costly array; I please my Charles in my plain, simple attire; I wish to please no other.—

Thou dear reward of all my toils, cried Charles, embracing her, how can I have a wish ungratified, while possessed of thee—I never desired wealth, but for thy sake, and thy cheerful, contented disposition makes even wealth unnecessary.

It is by no means necessary to happiness, said I, as I left the house—Charles and Anna seem perfectly happy and content with only a bare competence—I ask but a competence, cries the luxurious or avaricious wretch; this very exclamation convinces us, that a trifling is adequate to the wants of the humble, frugal mind, while thousands cannot supply the inordinate desire of the prodigal, or satisfy the grasping disposition of the miser.

A MOST SINGULAR CHARACTER.

HE lived during the reign of queen Anne, was of a respectable family, and in independent circumstances. In his youth he was bred to the law; and he possessed sufficient abilities to have made a progress in it. Being once put into motion, he was extremely apt to continue so, and when at rest, he hated moving. By this disposition, when he was prevailed on by his companions to pass an evening with gaiety, he never desired to change that way of living, and would have persisted in it forever, if he could have prevailed on them to continue with him, being then as eccentric and as inclined to motion

as a comet. In like manner, when he had once become sedentary by two or three days tarrying at his chambers, he hated the thoughts of being put into action again, and was always with difficulty brought abroad; like a heavy stone which has lain some time in one place on the ground, and formed itself a bed, out of which it is not easily removed.

When he left London he retired into the country, filled with the prospect of perfecting the perpetual motion. This naturally kept him much at home in pursuit of his study; and as no one in the town had resolution enough to reason with him on the affair, or was of importance enough to make him change his design, that habit of persisting in one way kept him at home entirely. During the course of more than thirty years, he never came abroad but once, which was, when he was obliged to take the oath of allegiance. This was the only time he changed his shirt, garments, or shaved himself, the whole time of his retirement. He was a very little man, and at once the most nasty and cleanliest person alive; washing his hands twenty times a day, and neglecting every other part. During this confinement, he never had his bed made. After he had given over all hopes of success in the perpetual motion, he took pleasure in observing the work and policy of ants, and stocked the whole town so plentifully with that insect that the fruits in the gardens were devoured by them.

Whenever the duke of Marlborough opened the trenches against any city in Flanders, he broke ground at the extremity of a floor in his house, and made his approaches regularly with his pick-axe, gaining work after work, which he had chalked out on the ground, according to the intelligence in the Gazette. He took the town in the middle of his floor generally the same day the duke was master of it in Flanders.

During the time of his stay within doors, he never sat on a chair; and when he chose to warm himself, he had made a pit before the fire, into which he leapt, and thus sat on the floor.

He suffered no one to see him but the heir of his estate, his brother and sister; the first never but when he sent for him, and that very rarely; the others some times once a year, and sometimes seldom—when he was cheerful, talkative, and a lover of the tattle of the town. His family consisted of two servant maids, one of whom slept in the house, the other not. Notwithstanding this singularity and apparent avarice, he was by no means a lover of money; for during this whole time, he had never received nor asked for any rent from any of his tenants; and those who brought him money he would often keep at an inn more than a week, pay all their expenses, and send them back again without receiving a shilling.

He lived well in his house, and frequently gave to the poor; always eat from large joints of meat, and never saw any thing twice at his table; and at Christmas he divided a certain sum of money among the necessitous of the town. He seemed to be afraid of two things only; one being killed for his riches; the other, being infected with a disease; for which reason he would send his maid sometimes to borrow a crown from his neighbors, to hint he was poor; and always received the money which was paid him in a basin of water, to prevent taking infection from those who paid it. He never kept his money under lock and key, but piled it up on the shelves, before the plates in his kitchen. In his chamber, into which no servant had entrance

during the time of his tarrying at home, he had two thousand guineas on the top of a low chest of drawers covered with dust, and five hundred lying on the floor, where it lay five and twenty years. This last sum a child had thrown down which he was fond of playing with, by upsetting a table that stood upon one foot; the table continued in the same situation also.—Through this money he had made two paths, by kicking the pieces upon one side; one of which led from the door to the window; the other from the window to the bed.

When he quitted the Temple in London, he left an old portmanteau over the portal of the anti-chamber, where it had continued many years, during which time the chambers had passed through several hands; when at last, the gentleman who possessed them, ordering his servant to pull it down, it broke by being rotten, and fell four or five hundred pieces of gold, which were found to belong to him from the enclosed papers; this he had never examined after. It is generally supposed, also, that he had put some thousands of pounds into the hands of a banker, or lent them to some tradesman in London, without taking any memorandum from the person; all which are lost to his heirs, as he would never say to whom he lent them, through fear, perhaps, lest he should hear it was lost; which some minds can bear to suspect, though not to know positively.—After more than thirty years living a recluse, he was at last found dead in his bed covered with lice. And thus ended the life of this whimsical being.

NEWARK, APRIL 28.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

PROPOSALS are issued by William Black in New-York, for publishing by subscription, in two Volumes, foolscap octavo, a *Romance*, entitled, *Fitz-Allan Castle*—an entire new work, by a Gentleman of New York.—This Work will be printed in two very elegant pocket volumes, and delivered to subscribers, in boards, for a dollar and half, or bound and lettered, for two dollars: The work is to be put to press as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers are obtained.—The publisher assures the patrons of literary merit, this work contains some very noble sentiments: The hero and heroine of the piece, Henry and Adaline De Fitz-Allan, are well sustained, and the Author, who is young, has cast his Characters, in general, with an exactness and discrimination that would do honor to a more exalted pen.

Subscriptions for the above received at this Office.

MARRIAGES

At Princeton, on Saturday evening, the 14th inst. RICHARD MALCOM, Esq. of New-York, to Miss ANNE HENRY, daughter of Mr. George Henry, late of Princeton.

THE MORALIST

HUMILITY CONTRASTED WITH PRIDE.

WHEN we reflect upon the character of humility, we are apt to think it stands the most naked and defenceless of all virtues whatever, the least able to support its claims against the insolent antagonist who seems ready to bear him down, and all opposition which such a temper can make.—Now, if we consider him as standing alone, no doubt, in such a case, he will be overpowered and trampled upon by his opposer;

but if we consider the meek and lowly man, as he is, fenced and guarded by the love, the friendship and wishes of all mankind, that the other stands alone, hated, disengaged, without one true friend or hearty well-wisher on his side: when this is balanced, we shall have reason to change our opinion, and be convinced that the humble man, strengthened with such an alliance, is far from being so overmatched as at first sight he may appear; nay, one might go further and engage for it, that in all such cases where real fortitude and true personal courage were wanted, he is much more likely to give proof of it, and one would sooner look for it in such a temper than in that of his adversary. Pride may make a man violent, but humility will make him firm: and which of the two, do you think likely to come off with honor? he who acts from the changeable impulse of heated blood, and follows the uncertain motions of his pride and fury, or the man who stands cool and collected in himself; who governs his resentments instead of being governed by them on every occasion, acts upon the steady motives of principle and duty. With regard to the provocations and offences which are unavoidably happening to a man in his commerce with the world, take it as a rule, as a man's pride is, so is always his displeasure; as the opinion of himself rises, so does the injury, so does his resentment: 'Tis this which gives edge and force to the instrument which has struck him, and excites that heat in the wound which renders it incurable. See how different the case is with the humble man: one half of these painful conflicts he actually escapes, the other half fall lightly on him: he provokes no man by contempt; thrusts himself forward as the mark of no man's envy; so that he cuts off the first fretful occasions of the greatest part of these evils; and for those in which the passions of others would involve him, like the humble shrub in the valley, gently gives way, and scarce feels the injury of those stormy encounters which rend the proud cedar and tear it up by its roots.

STERNE.

ANECDOTE

A gentleman in company with a fine lady, could not forbear telling her, that she was wondrous handsome. "Sir," says the lady, "I thank you for your good opinion, and with all my heart I could say as much for you too." "Why so you might, Madam," says the gentleman, "if you made no more conscience of a lie than I do."

A FEMALE GIANT.

From a London paper of March 1.

A Girl of prodigious size, has lately arrived at a tavern at Rastadt (Germany) where she is shewn for money.—She is seven feet two inches high, and weighs three hundred and an half.—She is only 19 years old, and is the daughter of a peasant, in the Bailiwick of Pforzheim,

OBITUARY

"The solemn temple, and the marble dome, The cloud-top'd mountain & the bright expanse, All must return to their primeval gloom, Nor leave the traces of the faintest glance."

Died, on Thursday last, at Elizabeth-Town, Mr. TIMOTHY WOODRUFF.

Died on Thursday the 17th inst. at Christiana Bridge, Newcastle county, SOLOMON MAXWELL, a gentleman whose public and private virtues justly endeared him to his numerous acquaintance.

POETRY.

*This pleasing art of poetry's design'd
To raise the thought, and moralize the mind ;
The chaste delights of virtue to inspire,
And warm the bosom with seraphic fire ;
Sublime the passions, lend devotion wings,
And celebrate the FIRST GREAT CAUSE of things.*

WE ARE BUT STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS.

THE spring of life allures the trav'ler on,
With a gay landscape and a flowery scene ;
The opening rose, and the enamell'd lawn ;
And thorn and briar do from his vision screen.
The summer comes, and still all things are gay,
Still undeviated he gazes still around,
'Till he goes sloping down the wintry way,
And hears the curfew toll'd in solemn sound.
Now, in astonishment he flares, amaz'd
To see how soon life's longest journey's past ;
How soon th' immeasurable field is graz'd
And that his next progression is the last.
Now contemplation in himself begins ;
Now he arranges matters all anew ;
Repents his former complicated sins,
And ere he gets in practice, bids adieu.

STANZAS—BY A HUSBAND.

WHEN on thy bosom I recline,
Enraptured still to call thee mine,
To call thee mine for life.
I glory in those sacred ties,
Which modern wits and fools despise,
Of husband and of wife.
Our mutual flame inspires our bliss,
The tender look, the melting kiss,
Ev'n years have not destroyed :
Some sweet sensations, ever new,
Springs up and proves the maxim true,
That love can ne'er be cloyed.
Have I a wish, 'tis all for thee,
Hast thou a wish, 'tis all for me ;
So soft our moments move,
That angels look with ardent gaze,
Well pleas'd to see our happy days,
And bid us live and love.
If cares arise—and cares will come—
Thy bosom is my softest home—
I lull me there to rest ;
And is there aught disturbs my fair,
I bid her sigh out all her care,
And lose it in my breast.
Have I a joy, 'tis all her own,
Both her's and mine are only one—
Our hearts are so entwined,
That like the ivy round the tree,
Bound up in closest amity,
'Tis death to be disjoined.

THE PRODIGAL SON OF A TAYLOR.

By F. Newcombe.

A LONDON Taylor as 'tis said,
By buckram, canvas, tape and thread,
Sleeve lining, pockets, silk and twist,
And all the long expensive list,
With which their uncouth bills abound,
(Though rarely in the garments found,)
With these, and other arts in trade,
He soon a handsome fortune made :
And did, what a few had ever done :

Left thirty thousand to his son,
The son a gay young swagg'ring blade,
Abhor'd the very name of the trade :
And left, reflection should be thrown
On him, resolv'd to leave the town,
And travel where he was not known.
With gilded coach, and liv'ry gay,
To Oxford first he took his way ;
The bucks and beaux his taste admire ;
His equipage and rich attire :
But nothing was so much ador'd
As his fine silver-hilted sword ;
Though short and small 'twas vastly neat,
The sight was deem'd a perfect treat,
Beau Banter begg'd to have a look :—
But when the sword in hand he took,
He swore by gad it was an odd thing,
And look'd just like a Taylor's bodkin.
His pride was hurt by this expression,
Thinking they knew his fire's profession :
Sheathing his sword he sneak'd away,
And drove for Glo'ster that same day :
When soon he found new cause for grief—
For dining on some fine roast beef,
They ask'd him which he did prefer,
Some cabbage or a cucumber :
The purse-proud coxcomb took the hint,
Thought it severe reflections meant :
His stomach turn'd he could not eat,
So made an un-genteel retreat.
He then left Glo'ster in great wrath,
And bade his coachman drive to Bath :
There suspected fresh abuse,
Because the dinner was roast goose.
To Exeter he drove next day,
And went at night to see a play :
But here again he was tormented,
To see a taylor represented :
For when the poor sneak came on the stage
He left the side-box in a rage,
To Plymouth next day took a trip,
And put up at the Royal ship,
Which then kept by Caleb Snip.
The host by name was often call'd,
At which our guest was so much gall'd
That he next morn at break of day,
Towards Southampton took his way :
There with some bucks he drank about,
Until he fear'd they found him out,
His glass not fill'd as was his rule,
They said, 'twas not a thimble full—
Our beau quite vex'd to be the scoff,
So paid his reck'ning and went off :
Next day to Cambridge he remov'd,
There too he unsuccessful prov'd,
For though he fill'd his glass or cup,
He did not always drink it up.
The scholars mark'd how he behav'd
And said a remnant should be sav'd :
The name of remnant was severe :
And he for York resolv'd to steer :
There fill'd his bumper to the top,
And always faintly drank it up :
" Well done (says Jack a buck of York)
" You go though stitch, sir with your work.
The name of stitch was such reproach,
He rang the bell, and call'd the coach :
But ere he went enquiry made,
By what means they found out his trade ?
" You put the cap on and it fits,"
(Replies one of the Yorkshire wits,)
" Our words are common acceptation,
" Could not point out your occupation,
" 'Twas you yourself gave us the clue,
" To find out both your trade and you,
" Proud coxcombs and fantastic beaux,
" In ev'ry place themselves expose—

" They travel far, at vast expence,
" To shew their wealth and want of sense—
" But take this for a standing rule—
" There's no disguise will screen a fool ! "

ENQUIRY AFTER HAPPINESS.

THE midnight moon serenely smiles
O'er nature's soft repose ;
No low'ring clouds obscure the sky,
No ruffling tempest blows.
Now ev'ry passion sinks to rest,
The throbbing heart lies still,
And varying schemes of life no more
Distract the lab'ring will.
In silence hush'd to reason's voice,
Attends each mental pow'r ;
Come, dear Emelia, and enjoy
Reflection's fav'rite hour.
Come : while the peaceful scene invites,
Let's search this ample round ;
Where shall the lovely fleeting form
Of HAPPINESS be found ?
Does it amidst the frolic mirth
Of gay assemblies dwell ?
Or hide beneath the solemn gloom
That shakes the hermit's cell ?
How oft the laughing brow of joy
A sick'ning heart conceals !
And thro' the cloister's deep recess
Invading sorrow steals.
In vain thro' beauty, fortune, wit,
The fugitive we trace ;
It dwells not in the faithless smile
That brightens Clodio's face.
Perhaps the joy to these deny'd,
The heart in friendship finds :
Ah ! dear delusion ! gay conceit
Of visionary minds !
Howe'er our varying notions rove,
Yet all agree in one,
To place its Being in some state,
At distance from our own.
O blind to each indulgent aim,
Of power supremely wise,
Who fancy happiness in ought
The hand of Heav'n denies !
Vain is alike the joy we seek,
And vain what we possess,
Unless harmonious reason tunes
The passions into peace.
To temper'd wishes, just desires,
Is Happiness confin'd,
And, deaf to folly's call, attends
The music of the mind.

EPICRAM.

ADAM alone, could not be easy,
So he must have a wife, an't please ye ;
But how did he procure this wife,
To cheer his solitary life ?
Why, from a rib cut off his side
Was form'd this necessary bride.

But how did he the pain beguile ?
Pho ! he slept sweetly all the while,
But when this rib was re-applied,
In Woman's form to Adam's side,
How then, I pray you, did it answ're ?
He never slept so sweet again, Sir.

—NEWARK—PRINTED—
By JOHN H. WILLIAMS,
FOR THE PROPRIETORS.